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THE PEOPLE'S PRAYERS

AS VOICED BY A LAYMAN

GEORGE W. COLEMAN

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The People's Prayers

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The People's Prayers

VOICED BY A LAYMAN

Written by

George W. Coleman

For His Own Use as Chairman
of the Ford Hall Sunday Evening
Meetings in Boston

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Published December, 1914

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MY BEST WISH

WHEN we pray together, unbosoming ourselves before a common Father, we are in the vestibule of the Kingdom of Heaven. Then comes out the best there is in us. If the prayers of the people could be adequately voiced, the millennium would not be far away. May this little collection of prayers of the people, a cross-section of real life, give you a fresh hint of the exquisite joys that come from the highest fellowship with all kinds of people. Such fellowship is my best wish for you in the days and months that are bearing down upon us just now.

With friendly greetings,

Henry N. McCracken

December 25, 1914

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An Interpretation

THESE prayers voice the best spirit of Ford Hall. They were written by the man who knows that remarkable assembly best; who has fed its intellectual hunger, felt its pulse, smiled with its laughter, checked its passions—and taught it to pray. Writing with this audience directly before his mind, he has naturally said what he knew would have the unreserved assent of his friends.

But the Ford Hall audience is a sign of the times, a social prophecy, a guide-post to the coming democracy. It is not a chance crowd any longer; it is a growth and an organism. The possibility for its existence was created by a great and wise business man, who had thoughts of peace and love toward the working people, and pro-

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vided a place where they and God might meet. The possibility was turned into a reality by another business man, who, under the tuition of Jesus, had come to believe in the people in whom Jesus believed. He became a real religious leader to the Ford Hall people; he consolidated them and helped them to find themselves and God.

At first there did not seem to be much religion in those meetings. Perhaps God was there, even though his name was not often mentioned. But after a time George Coleman ventured to lead them in prayer. They might have resented it at first. Now they tolerated it. Formerly they might have regarded it as an antique and useless custom forced on them by outsiders; now they slowly responded to it as the natural expression of their common thought and feeling.

Ford Hall has been the forerunner of other similar forums. They would probably have sprung up anyway, but the suc-

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cess of Ford Hall has stimulated them, and they are utilizing its experience. This type of public meeting stands for a new democratizing of religion, like the prayer-meeting and the Sunday-school when they first became popular. Here the people have a chance to get a free and sincere discussion of their own social and moral questions. The problem for the religious men who are organizing these forums is how to ennoble these discussions by the spirit of religion. They need a very pure type of religion for that purpose, something practical, ethical, undenominational, non-ecclesiastic, and yet devout.

The prayers in this little book will tell a careful reader a great deal about the religious ideals and points of view to which a modern audience of non-churchgoers will respond. They are rich in thought, simple, transparent, keen, and to the point. They were not written by a careless or untaught

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hand. They show the touch of a literary craftsman and a born writer.

Some prayers, in their emotions, their appeals, and their phraseology, are an echo of the past. This little collection, perhaps, gives us a foretaste of the religion which will comfort and hearten our children when they bear the burden of life.

WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH.

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Why it is Done

THE author never intended that these prayers should be published. They were written one at a time in the midst of crowded hours in response to an immediate need. Always did he have deeply in mind the common aspirations of his conglomerate audience—the orthodox and unorthodox among Jews, Catholics, and Protestants, with a large preponderance of unbelievers of every stripe and shade.

The introduction of the prayer into our meetings, strenuously counseled against by some of the author's dearest and most spiritual-minded friends who did not believe the audience would accept it, has been a great blessing to us. No one has ever seriously objected, many have expressed great satisfaction, and occasionally the apprecia-

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tion is so marked that it expresses itself in general applause, no other method of saying *Amen* being known to that audience. It has been a distinct advantage to find that a body of people with little or nothing in common religiously could pray together in real earnestness without introducing any divisive note.

The request came from the audience itself that the prayers be put in some permanent form in order that many might possess themselves of a copy for presentation to friends. It was also felt that these prayers, together with the hymns which have been found most usable at the Ford Hall Sunday Evening Meetings in Boston, might be helpful to other open forums, similar to ours, which had not yet fallen upon any practicable method of introducing the devotional note into the meeting.

As a rule, each of these prayers had a definite relation to the subject under discus-

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sion for the evening it was used, and was never employed a second time. This collection, with a few exceptions, includes only those which might appeal to any other congregation of a similar character.

The author is encouraged to believe that this little book will at least do no harm in the world, for a very frank auditor was heard to remark, directly after the prayer one night, "Why, them prayers wouldn't hurt nobody nohow." And judging from what he has felt of the response from living souls to the blessing these prayers have brought the people, he sends them out gladly, confidently, and thankfully.

GEORGE W. COLEMAN.

BOSTON, MASS., December 1, 1914.

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Prayers of the People

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Overcoming Unbrotherly Divisions

WE make confession, O God, of the unbrotherly divisions among religious people. We have oft-times allowed our supreme concern for the welfare of the human soul to carry us into great bitterness toward our fellow men. While we pray for strength to live the truth as we see it, we beseech thee to make us kindly and considerate toward those with whom we differ. Our economic needs have driven us into fellowship in all our daily walks. By thy divine grace show us how these same differences may be united in aspirations common to all our hearts, and how these antagonisms may be dissipated in deeds that will bring us together in bonds of spiritual fellowship. Amen.

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Present-Day Prophets

ALMIGHTY God, our Father, we are thankfully glad that thou hast raised up for us prophets and seers in this day and generation. Help us that they may not become martyrs through our indifference, intolerance, or hostility. Open our eyes, give us understanding, we pray, that the light of truth may do its great work in these vital days in which we are living. Help us to know and recognize thy prophets by the fruits of their lives, and give us the courage and the steadfastness to hold up their hands. Amen.

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Moral Values

TO thee, our common Father, we lift up our hearts in gratitude for the blessings of the year, realizing that unearned good and unmerited protection have come to us, in addition to all that for which we have striven and that against which we have guarded. As we look out over the threshold of the new year, we pray thee, add to the common necessities of our daily life an overmastering desire to grow in moral and spiritual worth. Help us to see clearly that the physical and material, without the moral and spiritual, is death and destruction.

Help us to cultivate in our own natures those virtues which we think are lacking in our neighbors. Help us to rebuke injustice, selfishness, and bigotry by living the just, the generous, and the open-minded life. Let us not be content unless each day we have added some worth to our characters by some service done for our fellow men. Amen.

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Valuing Other Lives

MIGHTY and loving Father, in the midst of these days of love and good cheer for friends and family, grant to us a growing sense of the worth of every human life. Let us not forget the sufferings and sacrifice of motherhood, the cares and cost of fatherhood, the protection and help of society, without which human life would not endure. Forgive us for the light estimate which we have put on the father and mother of somebody else, the careless regard for the other man's son and daughter, the wicked indifference to other people's little ones. Give us the grace and strength, Almighty God, to do collectively for the unfavored and unprivileged members of the human family what our hearts prompt us to do for our own flesh and blood who need our protection and help. Amen.

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Our Brother of Another Race

IF we acknowledge a universal fatherhood or work for a universal brotherhood, save us, O God, from both hypocrisy and sentimentality in our attitude toward the man who is not of our race. May we treat him as a brother, acknowledging his rights, recognizing his differences, and having regard to the welfare of the whole human family.

Help us to recognize the value of things that divide men as well as the worth of things that unite men. Let not selfishness, pride, or power betray us into unbrotherliness toward any man. Neither let us ignore the great basic fact of diversity in unity which thou hast written all over the universe. Grant to us, each one, that grace of heart and poise of mind that will enable us to contribute our little share toward a just and happy solution of the great race problems that so vex the world. Amen.

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Our Third Birthday

WE give thanks, our Father, for these meetings. We rejoice in the fellowships they have brought to us. Our hearts have been uplifted, our outlook enlarged, our enthusiasms have been enkindled, our prejudices softened. We revere the memory of him whose loving heart made all this possible. We acknowledge our debt to those who minister in his stead. Do thou give them grace to persevere. Forgive those who do not understand and who would hinder if they could. Make us valiant and worthy to maintain the truth entrusted to our keeping and save us, no matter how hard pressed, from all bitterness of spirit and hateful reprisals. Amen.

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Grant Us a Heart of Peace

TEACH us first, our Father, how to be at peace with ourselves. May thy Spirit within us put away all our unworthiness, and make us lovers of all that is true and beautiful. Teach us the joy of serving our fellow men. Help us to look upon the things of others rather than upon our own, and to learn that love, to all those who exercise it, is the greatest constructive force that can be employed, and that hatred is fiercely destructive not only to the one hated, but also to the one hating.

O God, grant each one of us such a genuinely peaceful soul that hatred and murder on an international scale will appear to us only more hideous than personal hatred and personal violence. Amen.

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Property and Life

O THOU Creator of all things and of all life, teach us, we pray thee, to recognize the real nature of property and its relation to human life. As property would have no value without men, forbid that we should be continually mistaking the shadow for the substance. Since property is created and made available by the labor of human beings, help us to strive mightily against that materialism which makes wealth of more account than men. Save the creators of wealth from being dominated by what they themselves have created; save the masters from idolatry and the workers from slavery. Cleanse our souls from the love of getting something for nothing. Help us to abominate misappropriation under every form and in every guise. Amen. (Great applause.)

Chairman's remarks: It is perhaps quite unusual for a prayer to be applauded, but I do not

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see any reason why we should not express our appreciation of a prayer in that way as well as in the good old Methodist fashion by saying, "Amen." We do not have to follow any precedents here at Ford Hall, but can make our own precedents; and, if that is your way of expressing your interest in a prayer, you are perfectly welcome to use it.

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Give Us Thy Spirit

THOU great Spirit over all, we recognize thy lordship in our lives; we know our limitations; we feel our insufficiency. We look to thee for help. Our joyful fellowship together here is made possible because thou hast taught us to love one another, and we have been able to learn a little of that lesson. Just as we imperfectly understand one another, so do we still less perfectly understand thee. Grant us, we pray thee, an enlargement of that spiritual sense which prompts us to love our fellows, and which draws us toward thee. Remove the scales that blind us, whatever they may be, and let the sunshine of love, mercy, and peace fill all our lives. Amen.

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Our Obligation to Women

OUR Father in heaven, help us to realize in every phase of life the brotherly and sisterly relation that should obtain between men and women. May the standards of the true home in this respect become our standards in the realms of industry and government. May society recognize the necessity of giving women a share in those things that determine the environment of the home and that relate to its efficient maintenance. Our hearts go out in thanksgiving to thee for those countless millions of women who through the generations have so nobly carried such a large share of the hitherto all-embracing home life. Save us from a failure to use all the God-given powers of heart and mind of the women of to-day in the solution of the great problems that press upon us. Amen.

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Reward the Workers

AS children of thy bounty, thou Giver of all, we observe everywhere in all thy works an overflowing provision for the needs of man. Forbid, O God, that we who acknowledge thy fatherhood and our common brotherhood should be content with any scheme of life whereby the workers, and those who are willing to work, are shut out from their heritage in this great abundance of good things. Help us to put our heads together and to keep our hearts in unison that we may devise means whereby all industrious men and women may have their every need supplied, and an abundance may be left for those who ought not to toil. Amen.

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Reaching Out

THOU great Teacher of the race of men, who hast brought us out of the darkness of past ages into the marvelous light of these latter days, accept our gratitude, we pray thee, for that measure of release from superstition and fear which is our portion to-day. Make us realize that, though the way has been long and the progress great, there is as much for us yet to discern and appropriate and pass on to others as came to our fathers before us.

Grant unto us open minds and discerning hearts, and make us quick to learn a lesson in everything and from everybody. Save us from cramped minds and shriveled souls. Give wings to our thought and wideness to our affections. May our fellowship together in these meetings help us along the pathway of light and love. Amen.

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One Great Family

ETERNAL Father of the human family, make us more conscious of thy loving interest in us, and of thy wise oversight of all our affairs. May we feel and recognize thy compelling hand, restraining our impetuous immaturity, and stimulating our flagging faith.

Make us to rejoice more and more in our family relationship to thee and to each other. Help us to know ourselves not only as sons and daughters, but also as brothers and sisters.

Forgive, we pray thee, our very narrow limitation of the brotherly and sisterly relationship. May the blessedness of the true brotherly and sisterly fellowship, such as we have experienced in our own homes, ever be our hope and expectation for the whole human family of brothers and sisters. And may we know that brothers and sisters, whether of the limited or of the larger

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family, are equally precious in thy sight, and that thou hast so bound them together that no wrong can be done to the one without bringing degradation to the other, and that neither can be surfeited or neglected without danger to both.

Open thou the eyes of our understanding, we pray thee, and help us to see thine own truth in the matter of the relationship between man and woman. Amen.

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Acknowledging Our Limitations

ALMIGHTY God, our Father, do thou accept such acknowledgment, devotion, and worship as we, with all our limitations, are able to bring to thee. Thou knowest that some of us, with the utmost willingness, cannot apprehend thee at all according to accepted standards. Thou knowest that some of thy most devoted children do most fearfully misapprehend thee. The best of thy children the world over do but see thee as in a mirror darkly.

Therefore, we pray that thou wilt save us all from any pride of spiritual aristocracy, and help us to help each other toward the light. Save us from contempt and bitterness toward those whose eye of faith is not focused like ours, and save those of us who cannot see at all from misjudging those who can see.

Thou hast compelled no man to acknowledge thee, but by thy good providences and

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gracious mercies thou art drawing all men unto thyself. May we, thy children, go and do likewise; compelling no man, by sneer or by fear, and winning all men by love and by sincerity. Amen.

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Coworkers with Him

ALMIGHTY God, our Father, we thank thee that thou hast given us work to do, that thou hast not given us a finished world with nothing left in it to be done, but hast made us sharers with thyself in the wonderful processes of creation. Forgive us that, in our blindness and greed, we have made the conditions of work so hateful and debasing to so many of our fellow men. Help us to understand that joyous work is akin to worship, and that willing idleness is an abomination. May we know, our Father, that thou art concerned in all our daily vocations, and that we cannot do unjustly with one another on a week-day and bring thee an acceptable offering on a Sabbath.

We pray that there may be among all men a fuller realization of the dignity and blessing of work, a quicker readiness to recognize the shame of wasteful idleness, a fiercer hatred against those conditions

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that thrust idleness upon willing workers, and a more profound conviction that thou art anxious to be our partner in every relation of life. Amen.

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The Missionary Spirit

ALMIGHTY God, we thank thee for the presence in the world of men of other races, of other tongues, of other colors, and of other faiths than our own. Help us to exchange and share with all of them the best gifts of thy bounty. May we not keep back the good we can carry to them, nor shut our doors against the blessing they would bring to us. We thank thee that thou hast put it into the heart of man to give his life unselfishly and unstintedly in helpful service to his brother man, whether he live across the street or around the globe. Forgive us that we fall short, so many of us, and so often. Let us not rest until every man at home and abroad shares with us the best that we have. Amen.

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Cleanse Our Hearts

O GOD, our Father, help us to know ourselves as thou knowest us. Help us to realize that most of the evil that blights us arises from man's inhumanity to man. Forgive us if sometimes, in our blind rage, we seek to put the blame elsewhere and deny thine everlasting goodness. While we cry out for succor and justice for the oppressed, O God, take out of our own hearts the meanness, the arrogance, the hypocrisy, the unfairness that is found there every day. Power makes oppressors of us all without the grace of love in our hearts. Thy greatest gift to us is love for one another.

Give us, we pray, an unspeakable hatred against everything, within or without, that would tend to destroy that most precious possession of our souls. Amen.

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Our Own Fault

O THOU great Maker and Master of all wealth and Creator and Lover of all mankind, teach us, we pray thee, the true relation between man and wealth. Thou hast made us to earn our living by the sweat of our brow. In the darkness of the ages we seem to have lost the straight and narrow path, for many there be who labor grievously and live miserably, while others live luxuriously and labor not at all. We confess our own unworthiness in withholding from the needy that superabundance which has been so freely bestowed upon us. All we are guilty, having come short of what we should have done. O God, break the hardness of our hearts, open the eyes of our understanding, and pour forth upon us a spirit of love and justice for our fellow men that shall break down all the middle walls of privilege that separate us from one another. Amen.

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Thankfulness

O GOD, our Father, we pour out our hearts in gratitude for the way in which we all have been led in this series of meetings this winter. We give thanks for all the joy and blessing they have brought to us. We acknowledge our indebtedness to the men filled with the spirit of service whose messages have enlarged our vision, strengthened our faith, and made us to have a living sympathy with all our fellow men everywhere who are heavily burdened and narrowly limited.

We pray thee to help us each one to make the utmost of ourselves in service to our fellow men. May these meetings be instrumental in making us all bigger-hearted and larger-minded in all our relations in life. Let us not be content with seeking justice. May we also hunger to be just in word and thought and act toward those whom we meet every day. Give us more power to per-

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suade others to the truth which thou hast given us to see and, at the same time, make us open-minded toward the truth that has not yet gripped our hearts.

Do thou continue to guide and guard us in the work we are trying to do here. Rule and overrule in those deliberations out of which shall come the decision as to the continuance of this work another winter. And bless the men of the Baptist Social Union who have made this platform possible. Amen.

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The Spiritual Melting-Pot

WE rejoice in the high privilege which is ours of joining together in fellowship with thee, the God of our Fathers, the God of the Jew and of the Christian alike. Our hearts are made to burn within us because of this unwonted benefit. It is our earnest supplication that all thy children everywhere may be drawn closer and closer together in mutual toleration, respect, and affection, while we still cling faithfully, each one of us, to the vision of truth which is our very own.

We thank thee that our blessed country has been made an asylum of the oppressed and the dispossessed from many lands. We pray with all the passion of our souls that we may have the grace and the patience, the open-mindedness and the faith, the courage and the strength, to realize in full measure the great spiritual possibilities that are ours. Thou hast chosen to make America the

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great crucible into which is being poured the brightest hopes and the deepest desires of the youth of many climes. Help us, by the alchemy of spiritual forces, to bring forth in due season the noblest individual and national life that this old world of ours has ever seen. Amen.

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Those of the Theater

WITH thankful hearts, we acknowledge, O God, the satisfaction given by the drama, the helpfulness afforded by the stage, and the ministering service rendered by the players who entertain, inform, and uplift the multitude. We have received much from these sources, and have given little in return. Grant us, we pray, a serious mind and a sense of personal responsibility in our attitude toward the theater. May we shun the evil in it and support the good. Do thou uphold every playwright, manager, and player who is striving to uplift his fellow man, and give them the backing of all men and women who love righteousness and who work for the coming of the kingdom. Amen.

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Finding God

HELP us to find thee, O God, in the hearts and lives of the men, women, and children that are all about us. May we break down every barrier that hinders us from really knowing one another. Bring us together, we pray thee, in friendly intimacies, in mutual enjoyments, and in common aspirations. Let those who are privileged bring gifts of leisure and culture. Let the distressed and the unsatisfied bring gifts of eagerness and desire. Let the powerful lift up the weak, and the light-hearted bring comfort to the overburdened. Though we come from the ends of society, and are separated by injustice, prejudice, and untoward circumstances, help us, O God, to seek out one another in love and patience and to rest not until, through fellowship and friendliness, we have realized a large measure of the relationship of brothers and sisters of a common Father. Amen.

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A Fifth Anniversary

ALMIGHTY God, blessed Father of us all, we rejoice with joy unspeakable that it is our privilege to come to thee as the children of one household, notwithstanding our fathers before us have never been able to realize their common inheritance, and could not sit together at the great Father's table to enjoy the wonderful feasts in spiritual things which he has provided for all his children.

We acknowledge our unworthiness, our short-sightedness, our weakness, but we love thee and all thy works—justice, truth, and mercy. Even when we lose sight of thy face and cannot hear thy voice and doubt if thou livest, still we cling to thee in everything that is beautiful and sweet and strong.

Our hearts are overflowing with gratitude for the way in which thou hast gathered together and shepherded this peculiar flock. Often we have not known which way to turn, and frequently we have feared that

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we would be scattered. But a power greater than our own has preserved us, guided us, and brought us safely and happily to this fifth milestone in the life of our fellowship. We give thanks, with all our strength, with all our minds, with all our hearts.

Help us as we go forward enjoying the great boon of free speech on all subjects, in the presence of all men, to realize that its price is an eternal vigilance over ourselves and a constant recognition of the rights and feelings of others. Through this wonderful privilege of looking deeply into the minds and hearts of all sorts and conditions of our fellow men, grant to us a continually widening vision of the truth, an ever-increasing tenderness of sympathy, a constantly broadening tolerance of understanding, a deepening sense of brotherly obligation, and an ever-growing determination to see justice done in this world here and now.

We commit our way unto thee. We pray for strength and grace. We rejoice in what has been given us. We go forward trustfully, humbly, expectantly. Amen.

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Turning Things Around

FATHER Almighty, we beseech thee to loosen the scales from our eyes that we may see the wickedness of our inhumanity to each other. Thou hast given the land filled with treasure for the blessing of all thy children. We have so misused it that millions suffer for lack, while thousands are choked by surplus. Thou hast provided plentifully for all. Help us to renounce the system by which the strong and the favored get something for nothing and the unfortunate and the lowly fail to receive the full reward of their toil. Make us to see, we pray, that the fault lies in us, every one, and that the responsibility for mending it is upon us, every one. Give us the grace to do it patiently and fairly, but certainly. Amen.

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The Abundant Life

WE acknowledge with grateful hearts the growing determination of men the world over to find a better way to live. We rejoice in the great leaders from all ranks of society who have been raised up to blaze the way toward a larger truth and a sounder righteousness. Help us, O God, to yield ourselves to this new spirit of the age, which will not believe that poverty and disease and crime must be accepted as a necessary part of our every-day life. Help us to trust thee that the way shall be found to reduce these evils to a negligible minimum. Give us, we pray, open minds and stout hearts that we may see the heavenly vision and commit our lives to it. Make us all willing to sacrifice present and personal comfort for the future welfare of the whole race of man. Amen.

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Mingling Together

AS we pass the sixth anniversary of our coming together, our greatest thankfulness is that our union with one another abides in the midst of an ever-deepening affection and a continually growing harmony of mind. We thank thee, O God, for this rich experience, and for the testimony it brings to the principle of human solidarity. We find that the man who has been hated and despised and rejected is thy child and our brother. We are learning that the most favored of thy children have much to be forgiven in their relations to the other members of the human family. Our hearts burn within us as we mingle together in an earnest search for truth, justice, and happiness. With overflowing hearts, we give thanks that our lot has been cast in this day and generation, in this city and country, and among people so generous and broad-minded. Amen.

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Sanctified Government

ALMIGHTY God, help us to understand that injustice to any one or to any class or race must inevitably return upon the heads of those who countenance it. Make us determined to live by truth and not by lies, to found our common life on the eternal foundations of righteousness and love, and no longer to prop the tottering house of wrong by legalized cruelty and force. Help us make the welfare of all the supreme law of our land, so that our commonwealth may be built strong and secure on the love of all its citizens. Amen.

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Give Us Work

ON every hand we see nature at work, in mountain and stream, in bush and tree, in the heavens and under the waters. And this work goes on without cessation. We rejoice, O God, that we, thy children, have been granted the capacity, the desire, and the occasion to work. We delight in the health, happiness, and achievement that come through work. Help us to see that every one must share in this blessing. Save us from ruining the children of privilege by giving them an overabundance of the fruits of toil without requiring them to undergo its discipline. Save us from robbing some of our fellow men of the opportunity to work while at the same time we crush other men and children with a double burden of work. Help us, we pray, to see to it that every one has work to do and that every one gets the fruit of his work. Amen.

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Thine Nevertheless

THOU great and mighty Spirit who rulest the universe and holdest us with loving wisdom in the hollow of thy hand, we know that we are partakers of thy nature, even though at times the light that is within us may seem to have gone out and we grope in the midst of an impenetrable darkness. Every challenge of justice, all our searchings for truth, and each pleading of mercy, whether met or unfulfilled or denied, nevertheless persuade us unmistakably that we are something more than dust, something more than animal, something more than automatons or slaves—we are children of the Infinite, endowed with ability to think and feel and decide. Amen.

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Communion

IN the might of this great consciousness of kinship with the Infinite, our spirits flood forth to meet thy Spirit, and in this sublime communion we find a satisfying contentment while the great mystery of life, ever pressing on every side, at every moment, keeps us humble and makes us teachable, and keeps alive our hope and faith.

With all our strength and mind and heart, we pray that this channel of high consciousness through which flows the divinity that unites us with thee may not become clogged by selfishness, complacency, or indifference, but that in the power of thy Spirit we may go forth to make the little world of which we are the center the best little world that it is possible for it to be. Amen.

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Our Struggle

WE do not pray to be freed from all struggle. We ask for wisdom, strength, and courage that out of our struggles may come development and progress. May we be cheered and upheld in the midst of conflict by the realization that all that we most cherish has come as the fruit of struggle. Help us to accept this fact as the way which thou hast ordained whereby mankind moves on to better things.

But we do pray with all our hearts for the hastening of the day when the struggle with our fellow men, individually and in groups and divisions, will be in mutual good will and for the welfare of all concerned, bringing in its train joy and satisfaction instead of fear and discontent.

We pray, O God, that we may fight valiantly and endure heroically without malice and without bitterness, confident that truth and justice will prevail. Amen.

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The People of His Race

GRACIOUS Father of us all, forgive the cruel injustice of the world toward the Jew. May we of this day and generation, in this enlightened country of civil and religious liberty, make some amends for the past by granting to our Jewish fellow citizens a generous appreciation and a hearty fellowship in the work of making this nation a blessing to the people of the whole world. Help us to recognize that the mightiest and most beneficent forces of our present-day civilization come from the land and from the children of Israel. Help us who are followers of the gentle and lowly Nazarene to despise everything that would make us hateful and cruel or unjust in our attitude toward the people of his race. We rejoice in the bond of divine fellowship which is growing up here among those who for centuries have been kept from enjoying spiritual communion together. Amen.

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Sentiments of the People

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Explanatory

In meetings such as are held in Boston, at Ford Hall, Sunday evenings, it is necessary to keep as far away as possible from religious conventions. In order that even one brief and simple prayer may not in anybody's mind become a mere form to which we are obligated in any way, it is occasionally omitted altogether. At other times a poem, a meditation, or an expression of sentiment may take its place. Samples of these are found in the pages following.

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A Christmas Message

THE keenest joys, the greatest satisfactions, the richest treasures we find in each other. Our mutual intimacies are the coin of the kingdom of life. He is richest who knows best the most people. We only know each other when we share the best there is in us. Material possessions are worth while only as they help us to know people. They become a deadly poison when they get between us and folks.

In addition to exchanging friendliness one day in the year, let us give ourselves to each other every day in the year. That is the meaning back of this whole Christmas business.

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Our Heart's Cry

IN the public school we come the nearest to our ideals of democracy. There all our children receive according to their need and capacity and without regard to their worth or merit. As brothers and sisters in one great family, they receive from the community as a father some of the richest gifts that money and ability and devotion can bestow. All that is asked of them is that they make the most of it, and recognize the source from which it comes and pay for it in the coin of good citizenship.

Our cry as a people, unto the God of our fathers, is that the day may be hastened when in the interest of the state all its citizens of all ages and both sexes may be given an equal opportunity to earn a living and make a life just as we now give the children an equal opportunity to get an education and develop their powers. May we so jealously guard and intelligently pro-

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mote the welfare of our public schools that they will be able to give us the boys and girls who will later be the men and women who will help to usher in the days of greater democracy, toward which we are all looking and yearning.

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Cause and Effect

(By Arthur Guiterman, in *Life*.)

The powder lay in heaps—a threat
  Of death—where powder should not lie;
Some fool threw down a cigarette—
  And flaming ruin rent the sky.

Whereat, a solemn jury met
  And laid the blame, in wisdom rare,
On him that threw the cigarette,
  Not them that left the powder there.

Upon the heaps of Want and Shame,
  Whereon men build, one evil day
Some fool will fling a word of flame—
  And what will follow, who shall say?

But should all earth be overset,
  We'll lay the blame, in dull despair,
On him that threw the cigarette,
  Not them that put the powder there.

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The Little Girl and the Pussy-Cat

(By Burges Johnson.)

Said the little girl to a pussy-cat:
"It's jolly to make you play!
How soft you purr when I stroke your fur,
And your claws are all tucked away!
I love you ever so much for that,"
Said a little girl to a pussy-cat.

"But oh, there's a terrible thing I've heard
That brings great sorrow to me;
You killed a poor little baby bird
That lived in our apple tree.
You can't be dear to me after that,"
Said a little girl to a pussy-cat.

"O little maid," said the pussy-cat,
"You are gentle and kind, they say,
To bird and beast, but didn't you feast
On chicken for lunch to-day?
And aren't there feathers upon your hat,
O little maid?" said the pussy-cat.

"Oh, I'll be I, and you'll be you,
As long as this world shall be.
If you'll be as good as you can for you,
I'll try to be good for me.
So let's be friends, and agree to that,
O little maid!" said the pussy-cat.

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Songs of the People

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O God of Earth and Altar

(To the music of "Webb.")

O God of earth and altar,
  Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
  Our people drift and die;
The walls of gold entomb us,
  The swords of scorn divide,
Take not thy thunder from us,
  But take away our pride.

From all that terror teaches,
  From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
  That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
  Of honor and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
  Deliver us, good Lord.

Tie in a living tether
  The priest and prince and thrall,
Bind all our lives together,
  Smite us and save us all;
In ire and exultation
  Aflame with faith, and free,
Lift up a living nation,
  A single sword to thee.

—*G. K. Chesterton.*

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Onward, Brothers!

Onward, brothers, march still onward,
  Side by side and hand in hand;
We are bound for man's true kingdom,
  We are an increasing band.
Tho' the way seems often doubtful,
  Hard the toil which we endure,
Tho' at times our courage falters,
  Yet the promised land is sure.

Olden sages saw it dimly,
  And their joy to madness wrought;
Living men have gazed upon it,
  Standing on the hills of thought.
All the past has done and suffered,
  All the daring and the strife,
All has help'd to mold the future,
  Make man master of his life.

Still brave deeds and kind are needed,
  Noble tho'ts and feelings fair;
Ye too must be strong and suffer,
  Ye too have to do and dare.
Onward, brothers, march still onward,
  March still onward hand in hand;
Till ye see at last Man's kingdom,
  Till ye reach the promised land.

—*H. Havelock Ellis.*

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The Government to Be

(To the tune of "Austria.")

Thro' the clamor and the riot
  That is heard from sea to sea,
I can feel the coming quiet
  Of the government to be.
Vain the effort to dissemble
  For the truth is clear to all,
And the old conditions tremble
  Like a ruin doomed to fall.

Vain the veiling and disguising
  Of the evils which exist,
For new systems are uprising
  From the wreckage and the mist;
And the mills of God are slowly
  Surely grinding out their grist,
While the laws of right and justice
  Hold and evermore persist.

As the sun first tints the border
  Of the darkness with his light,
So the faint far gleam of order
  Gilds the chaos of the night;
And the dawn shall grow in splendor
  To the fulness of the day
When the hands of greed surrender
  What from toil they tore away.

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For the land to all was given—
It belongs to you and me;
'Tis a law of earth and heaven
Broken now from sea to sea.
Let monopoly be driven
From the fortress of the free;
And let liberty bid welcome
To the government to be.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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Human Brotherhood

O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
Where pity dwells, the soul of good is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a pray'r.

Follow with rev'rent steps the great example
Of all whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem a human temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

—*Whittier.*

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America, the Beautiful

O beautiful for spacious skies,
  For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
  Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
  God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
  From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
  Whose stern, impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
  Across the wilderness!
America! America!
  God mend thine ev'ry flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
  Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
  In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
  And mercy more than life!
America! America!
  May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
  And ev'ry gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
  That sees beyond the years

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Thine alabaster cities gleam
  Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
  God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
  From sea to shining sea!

—*Katharine Lee Bates.*

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Hail the Glorious Golden City!

Music: Sanctuary—J. B. Dykes, 1871

Hail the glorious Golden City,
  Pictured by the seers of old!
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
  Wondrous tales of it are told:
Only righteous men and women
  Dwell within its gleaming wall;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
  Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that city;
  All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts;
  All our lives are building-stones;
Whether humble or exalted,
  All are called to task divine;
All must aid alike to carry
  Forward one sublime design.

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And the work that we have builded,
  Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
  Will not perish with our years;
It will last and shine transfigured
  In the final reign of Right,
It will merge into the splendors
  Of the City of the Light.

—*Felix Adler, 1909.*

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The March of Freedom

(To the music of "Marseillaise.")

Hark, hark, the peal of clarions calling,
  A host unnumbered marching by,
O'er serried ranks the pennons falling!
|| The hills give back the battle-cry. ||

Whence come ye, hero warriors, hither?
  What land, what ages, gave ye birth?
  What crave ye still of bleeding earth?
What laurel-wreaths that shall not wither?

To arms the clarions call,
  To deeds the doing worth;
March on, march on, till freedom dawn,
  And justice rule the earth!

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Glory to God, the day is breaking,
  The long-awaited golden morn!
The heroes dead who, self-forsaking,
|| Gave all to hasten freedom's dawn. ||

As brothers, comrades, march beside us;
  On, then, to conquest of the world!
  On, till our battle flags are furled
In freedom's peace, and God shall guide us.

Ye mountains, clap your hands!
  Exult, O sky and sea!
March on, march on! breaks over all lands
  The dawn of liberty!

—*Charles Sprague Smith.*

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Thy Kingdom Come!

"Thy kingdom come!" O Lord we daily cry,
  Weary and sad with earth's long strife and pain!
"How long, O Lord!" thy suff'ring children sigh!
  "Speed thou the dawn, and o'er the nations reign!"

Thy kingdom come! then all the din of war,
  Like some dark dream, shall vanish with the night!
Peace, holy peace, her myriad gifts shall pour,
  Resting secure from danger and affright.

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Thy kingdom come! no more shall deeds of shame,
Brutish and base, destroy the soul divine;
Bright with thy love's all-purifying flame
Thy human temples evermore shall shine!

Thy kingdom come! mad greed for wealth and power
No more shall grind the weaklings in the dust.
Then mind and strength shall share thy ample dower,
Brothers in thee, and one in equal trust.

—*H. W. Hawkes.*

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Hear, Hear, O Ye Nations!

Hear, hear, O ye nations, and hearing obey
The cry from the past and the call of to-day!
Earth wearies and wastes with her fresh life outpoured,
The glut of the cannon, the spoil of the sword.

Lo, dawns a new era, transcending the old,
The poet's rapt vision, by prophet foretold!
From war's grim tradition it maketh appeal
To service of all in a world's commonweal.

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Home, altar, and school, the mill and the mart,
The workers afield, in science, in art,
Peace-circled and sheltered, shall join to create
The manifold life of the firm-builded state.

Then, then shall the empire of right over wrong
Be shield to the weak and a curb to the strong;
Then justice prevail and, the battle-flags furled,
The high court of nations give law to the world.

And thou, O my country, from many made one,
Last-born of the nations, at morning thy sun,
Arise to the place thou art given to fill,
And lead the world-triumph of peace and good
will!

—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

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These Things Shall Be!

These things shall be! a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise;
With flow'r of freedom in their souls,
And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

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Nation with nation, land with land,
  Unarm'd shall live as comrades free;
In ev'ry heart and brain shall throb
  The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mold
  And mightier music thrill the skies,
And ev'ry life shall be a song,
  When all the earth is paradise.

These things—they are no dreams—shall be
  For happier men when we are gone:
Those golden days for them shall dawn,
  Transcending aught we gaze upon.

—*John Addington Symonds.*

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Hark, for the Hour is Coming!

O hark, for the hour is coming,
When your ears shall anointed be!
Aye, listen, 'tis rising and swelling,
O'er populous land and sea!
The morning stars began it
At the dawn of creation's birth,
And the circling spheres go swinging
And singing it unto earth.

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And earth shall forget her groaning
And learn the song of the spheres,
And the tired shall sing that are moaning
And the sad shall dry their tears.

For the song of the spheres is motion,
And motion and toil are life,
And the idle shall fail and falter,
And yield at the end of strife.
As the stars tread forth appointed,
And the sun gives forth his heat,
So the sons of men shall labor
Ere they rest in honor's seat.
And kings are to serve the people,
And wealth is to ease the poor,
And learning to lift up the lowly
And strength that the weak may endure.

Lo, the burden shall be divided,
And each shall know his own,
And the royalty of manhood
Shall be more than crown or throne.
And the flesh and blood of toilers
Shall no longer be less than gold,
And never an honest life shall be
Into hopeless bondage sold.
For we, the people, are waking,
And high and low shall employ
The splendid strength of union
For liberty, life, and joy.

—*Author unknown.*

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Now Let Us All Arise and Sing

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Now let us all arise and sing
The coming kingdom of our King,
The time when all shall brothers be,
Each loving each, all loving thee.
Oh, when shall dawn the glorious day
For which we hope and work and pray?

How long, O Lord—O Lord, how long
Shall these thy weak ones suffer wrong?
Dear Father, use what means thou wilt
To cleanse our lives from greed and guilt;
Help us to put away our sin
And learn to bring thy kingdom in.

—*Emily Green Balch, 1913.*

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God Save the People

When wilt thou save the people?
  O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations,
  Not thrones and crowns, but men.
Flow'rs of thy heart, O God, are they,
Let them not pass like weeds away,
Let them not fade in sunless day.
  God save the people.

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Shall crime bring crime forever,
  Strength aiding still the wrong?
Is it thy will, O Father,
  That men shall toil for wrong?
"No!" say the mountains; "No!" the skies;
"Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs."
        God save the people.

When wilt thou save the people?
  O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
  Not thrones and crowns, but men.
God save the people, thine they are;
Thy children, as thy angels fair,
Save them from bondage and despair.
        God save the people.

—*Ebenezer Elliott.*

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America

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
    Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountainside
    Let freedom ring!

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My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

—*S. F. Smith.*

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